



# The Student's Pen

December, 1935



TO SPEND

All of Your Income is Dangerous.

TO HOARD

All of Your Income is Foolish.

TO SAVE

Some of Your Income is Wise.

A CHRISTMAS CLUB ACCOUNT

will provide funds next Christmas time

INTEREST IS PAID ON COMPLETED CLUBS

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CITY SAVINGS BANK  
OF PITTSFIELD

BRANCH OFFICE - - UNION BLOCK - - DALTON

A Splendid Christmas Present for the Whole Family

ELECTROLUX

The GAS Refrigerator

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*Permanent Silence!*

PITTSFIELD COAL GAS CO.



RING OUT, WILD BELLS  
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



## On the *Editor's Desk*



### SILENT NIGHT

By Miss Katharine McCormick  
Guest Editorial Writer

TO one who is a little weary of the pompous cavalcade of words, it brings tranquillity to remember that the greatest Gift to the world was heralded by a simple song and a quiet star; that God's ineffable Word was hushed in the folds of a silent

night. This interesting age of ours has a naive enthusiasm for fine language, to such a degree that the trivial, the meretricious, the banal often strut about in that disguise—"a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief". Mere words cannot exalt what is base, any more than lack of them can demean the truly great. Worth has its own inherent royalty.

Silence seems to be a motif of the Christmas story. The shepherds keeping watch over their flocks must have been silent folk—one is not inclined to chatter in the sanctuary of night. The magi, versed in the lore of the wordless heavens, were surely frugal of speech. The Mother of Christ spoke little but pondered things in her heart. Even our favorite Christmas carols tell of a silent

The Editors of  
*The Student's Pen*  
Wish You All  
A Very Merry  
Christmas

night—and of the still town of Bethlehem lying in deep and dreamless sleep beneath the silent stars.

It may seem like a betrayal for one to speak in this fashion within walls dedicated in large part to the cult of language. But there is really

no treason. What we are seeking is to master words, not to be dominated by them. In the experimental stage one may be deluded by their brilliance so as to mistake them for ideas. Eventually the idea triumphs, and the words try to take its shape. Ultimately, perhaps, the expanding idea escapes the mold of language, and words can no more recapture it than a lariat can loop in a whirlwind. It escapes into silence.

There is a legend that cattle talk in their stalls on Christmas eve. For one night in the year they are elevated to the human plane. On this same holy night, Man, rapt in the mystery of the More-Than-Human, rejects the feeble approximation of words and loses himself in Silence.



## NEEDED—A FOOTBALL FIELD

By Richard F. Lacatell

THE recent football season has brought forth two important facts. It has proved that Pittsfield High is capable of producing a championship team and that there is now, more than ever before, great need for an enclosed playing field.

Because people attending games have for so long a time been able to see contests without paying, they will not now pay. This is merely a state of mind; for, if they were accustomed to being charged admission, nothing would be thought of it. The greater receipts for the Adams than for the Poughkeepsie game are accounted for by the fact that many North Berkshire fans attended. People from Adams and other towns are accustomed to paying their way and will pay to see games in this city. When Pittsfield plays other towns in the county, receipts are four or five times greater than at the home gates. Between seven and eight thousand fans saw the Thanksgiving Day game, but a little over two thousand paid admission. It is not possible that all the others who attended were unable to pay. In most cases it is this state of mind—not the lack of funds—that keeps gate receipts down.

Pittsfield High put a better than usual team on the field this last season, and enthusiasm was at times raised to a high pitch. Everyone desired to see Pittsfield play teams with reputations such as Poughkeepsie and Turners Falls had acquired. They did not—or would not—realize the cost of putting on these games. Teams such as those mentioned must travel a considerable distance to our city and demand a large guarantee.

How many of the persons who demand that good teams be brought here know the expense involved in equipping a team and putting it on the field? Discounting all the fancy paraphernalia that most well-equipped teams have, there are certain expenditures that must be faced every year for absolute

necessities. Uniforms wear out and have to be replaced. Every piece of every uniform must be cleaned. At the beginning of the season there are a great number of candidates for the team that have to be at least partially equipped—and this besides the squad finally selected. These expenses are incurred even before a game is played. For each game a new ball is needed; there are officials to be paid and police protection to be provided as well as medical care and transportation.

It has now come to a case of necessity when people who can afford it must pay. The natural solution to the problem is the only solution. A properly built enclosed playing field to which admission can be charged should be constructed. Neither Wahconah Park nor the Common meets these requirements. It has to be an entirely new park.

Is this too much to hope for or to expect? It isn't necessary to name specific fields and towns. Everyone knows that many towns smaller than Pittsfield have at least one suitable field, while cities the size of ours sometimes have more.

If attempts resulted in the desired field, we could set out in earnest to increase patronage and gate receipts. New Britain not long ago undertook this task and during the past season took in ten thousand dollars at the gate. True, New Britain is larger than Pittsfield, but we should be able to duplicate the feat at least to some extent.

Is this plea so unimportant and the objective of so little account that it does not deserve the support of every sportsman, fan, and citizen? Every person interested in the future of teams at Pittsfield High should come forward to lend his support in this worthy attempt. It takes time for any such project to be recognized and acted upon, so it is not too early to start the campaign for the goal that must some day be realized.

# Student Literature



## "'T WAS THE IRISH IN THEM"

By Mary Atkinson and Mary McMahon

"GOOD-BYE, darlin', an' don't be forgittin' to sind us a bit o' news once in awhile," said kindly Molly Shannon, tears streaming down her face.

"Sure, an' I will that, Mither, an' ye won't be forgittin' to give Teeney a bit o' sup, will ye?" questioned Patsy.

"Blessed if ye don't think more o' that pig thin ye do of us," chimed in Katie, the youngest of the Shannon brood.

"Oh, don't ye see my talk is like this so I won't break down an' cry before ye all? Oh why can't Ant Annie have that shiftless, good-for-nothin' nephew come an' live with her an' thin I wouldn't be leavin' ye all," muttered Patsy in a rebellious voice.

"I know, darlin', but she'll be makin' ye into a foin lady an' times are hard here, with the spud crop goin' rottin'. An' if ye don't hasten up a bit ye'll be missin' the boat. There's the whistle now, so git along with ye, macushla. Good-bye, childeen, an' be givin' me love to Ant Annie."

So with one more last hug and kiss all around, Patsy ran up the gang-plank, bound for the United States.

"Good-bye, good-bye," called Patsy to her family and neighbors who had gathered to bid her good-bye and good luck. "It'll seem like foriver 'til I see ye all agin."

"Don't lean over the rail so far, little girl," commanded a young officer, on whose sleeve was the emblem of first mate.

"An' who are ye to be tellin' me not to lean over? An' I'll have ye know I'm all of eighteen years old an' I won't be talked to as if I was a little colleen!"

"Well, if you're not the little spitfire," said the officer, looking down at her with mocking blue eyes.

"I'll have ye know I'm nothin' of the sort. The idea! Callin' me a spitfire. Is that all ye do, insult young ladies? Sure 'n' I have a good mind to be tellin' the first mate on ye. I wouldn't be botherin' the captain."

"We aim to please. At your service, madame." This with a low bow.

"Oh, I didn't think anybidy was so sinseless as to have the likes o' ye workin' for 'im," came from Patsy, who, holding her head high, was sauntering down to her stateroom.

"Oh, just a minute, Miss," called Terry Nolan—for that was the young officer's name.

"I don't want to be havin' anythin' more to do with ye."

"Very well," laughed Terry. And picking up Patsy's forgotten suitcase, he turned the corner.

"Just as soon as I hang me Sunday dress up, I'm goin' to look around a bit," said Patsy as she opened her stateroom door.

"Sakes alive, where is my suitcase!" exclaimed Patsy, making one dash for the door.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said she to the steward who was just passing the door.



## WILL-O-THE-WISP

By Isabelle Sayles

True happiness—a state of mind—  
 Elusive is; and yet I find  
 When I my selfish manners mend,  
 It seems to be my bosom friend.  
 But if on gains of mine I'm bent,  
 Departed is that same content  
 Returning not, although I coax—  
 Until I've thoughts for other folks.

"Where will I be findin' the captain?"

"Come along with me and I'll take you to him."

"There is a young lady out here, sir, who would like to see you," respectfully announced the steward, who had entered the captain's cabin.

"Well, show her in, show her in!" ordered the captain.

"Oh, sir," said Patsy, "I hate to be botherin' ye, but I've lost me suitcase. It's just got to be found, for all me money and belongin's are in it."

Captain Colbert was used to having appeals made to him, but he always tried to accommodate his passengers.

"Could this be your suitcase, Miss?" he asked gently, taking a small, straw suitcase from the table. "It was brought in just a minute ago."

"Faith an' that's it. Thank ye so much. An' who could have found it, I'm wonderin'?"

"No trouble at all. As a matter of fact our first mate brought it in."

"Ye mean that scalawag that has such a good opinion of hisself?"

"Why, Miss, Mr. Nolan is a real gentleman. Terry started to work here on this ship as a scrub hand; he worked himself up to where he is now. I know of no better man than Terry Nolan," said Captain Colbert, speaking rather sternly, for he looked upon Terry as he would his own son.

"Well, maybe I judged him too quickly," admitted Patsy, rather ashamed of herself for letting her first impression affect her so that she lost her sense of gratitude. "I'm thinkin' I'd better be findin' Mr. Nolan an' thank 'im before dinner."

"It is almost time for dinner now. Come and sit at my table and then you'll have a chance to thank Mr. Nolan," invited Captain Colbert.

"Thank ye, sir, I was afearin' to eat me first meal in front o' all the strange people here. They look at me so quarely," spoke Patricia, not realizing that her comely face and her keen enjoyment of the things around aroused the envy of the other worldly-wise travelers.

That evening at dinner Patsy and Terry seemed to have adopted a temporary peace, because their attitudes toward each other had changed quite a bit. Their witty sallies back and forth made the captain's table the object of envious glances from every corner of the dining salon.

Because Patricia showed a desire to know how a ship was run, Terry undertook to teach her. So, whenever possible, the two were constant companions, but still they couldn't agree on anything. Even Terry's casual statement that Patsy's hair was red, which it undeniably was, brought forth such a storm of protest from Patsy that heated arguments concerning the color of her hair were their main topics of conversation throughout the voyage.

"Well, Patsy, we dock in an hour," said Terry.

"Are ye sure? I'm as anxious as can be to see me Ant an' New York."

"You never told me why you were coming to America, Patsy."

"Ye niver asked me an' me mither told me niver to talk about meself before I was asked!"

"Miss Shannon, what is your mission in New York City?"

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Dorothy Shelton

Yonder a tall tree stands in its place,  
 Under the holly and mistletoe too  
 Laden with tinsel hanging like lace;  
 Evening stars cut from papers of blue;  
 Toys all wrapped and laid at its base;  
 Intriguing dolls, delightful to see;  
 Dangling candies, hanging with grace;  
 Evening fades; night enfolds the tree.

Great is the part that this Tree plays  
 Rendering gladness, happiness, and joy—  
 Even as it stands on Christmas Eve;  
 Even as it stands laden with toys—  
 Till with the dawn the children arise,  
 In their eagerness making much noise;  
 Nearer and nearer with gladsome cries  
 Gather around both girls and boys  
 Saying to all, "A Merry Christmas."

"Well, you certainly took your time coming over here," complained Mrs. Kearney, looking very austere and critical in her heavy mourning clothes.

"How do ye do, Ant Annie?" said Patsy, wishing fervently that Terry or one of her family was with her.

"Don't call me 'Ant Annie'," said Aunt Anne. "I'm in excellent health, a fact which doesn't please you very much I can well imagine."

"Why, Ant—Aunt Annie, sich a thought niver entered me head!"

"Well, I must say you've inherited your father's peculiar method of speech."

"But, Ant Annie, you're the one that talks quarely—I mean Aunt Anne."

"Well, Harrison, take Miss Patricia's bag to the car. I have arranged with the custom officers so there will be no delay," said Aunt Anne, leading the way majestically to her Cadillac.

"Oh, Aunt Annie, could I be sittin' up with Mr. Harrison?"

"I'm goin' to stay a bit with me Ant. She's got money, too, an' she hasn't got nobody but a worthless nephew who wint to sea instid of workin' in a bank. When she writ me father, she said she'd do her best to make me into a foin lady."

"So! Maybe if I see you again you won't remember me. If you see me maybe you'll say, 'How do you do, Mither Nolan, it is so chawming to see you again. You cawn't be still first mate? Why haven't you advawned any?'"

"Faith an' I'd niver be actin' up like that. Aren't ye the first person that I met on me way over to America?"

"Excuse me, sir, the Captain wishes to see you in his cabin," said a steward, poking his head in the door.

"All right, Jerry, I'll be right up. Wait for me near the gang-plank, will you, Patsy? I'll want to take out to sea with me one last look of that fiery red hair of yours," said Terry as he closed the door after him.

"Oh, oh, an' me thinkin' he was a friend o' mine! The impudence of the likes o' him callin' me hair fiery red! He'll niver see me again or my hair either, if he thinks I'll be waitin' for him after that insult," cried Patsy, for she had the traditional Irish temper.

When the boat docked, Patsy was among the first off—having already thanked the captain for his kindness to her.

"Now let me see. Ant Annie said she'd be awearin' black an' would be standin' on the pier right near the gang-plank. Oh, I wonder if that cranky lookin' old lady can be me ant? I'm a-hopin' it isn't."

At this moment a smartly uniformed chauffeur approached Patsy and asked, "Are you Miss Patricia Shannon?"

"Yes, I'm Patricia Shannon an' who might ye be?"

"I am your aunt's, Mrs. Shannon Kearney's, chauffeur. She is waiting for you and she doesn't like to be kept waiting, so come along."



"You certainly cannot. Patricia, now that you are coming to live with me, you must realize that you are above servants and that you must obey me. You must not become friendly with any of them! You are my first husband's brother's child; therefore you are my niece."

"Of course, Aunt Annie, I'll do as ye say, but who'll I be talkin' to whin ye're not home?"

"I have secured a tutor for you. She will correct your English, teach you manners and start your French and German course."

"Well, she won't be havin' much to do. I already speak English, an' me mither taught me niver to wipe my fingers on the tablecloth. An' as for me learnin' foreign languages, I can't twist me tongue around all them foreign words."

"We'll see about that when the time comes. See—that big, brick mansion with the fir trees is where you will live for the remainder of the winter."

They were met at the door by a butler, who asked Patsy in a stiff tone, "May I take your bag, Miss?"

"Ye rally don't have to, ye know. That is, if it'll be too much trouble, Mister—sir?"

"No trouble at all, Miss."

"Patricia! Remember what I told you. Nancy will show you to your room now. You may rest until dinner."

Before Patsy could utter a word, she was being led to her room by the maid.

For three months Patsy studied hard, for her aunt had convinced her that she was unprepared to face the social world. The tutor had not been successful in attempting to change Patsy's delightful accent. So, after three months, Patsy began to accept the numerous invitations to teas, dances, luncheons and dinners that had been pouring in ever since she had arrived, for Mrs. Kearney was well-known in social circles.

There was an unusual flurry one day in the family household. Patsy, by continuous

questioning, had learned that her aunt's nephew, who had gone away to sea, was coming to dinner. At the request of her aunt, Patsy wore a simple, white lace dress to dinner that evening.

When she entered the drawing-room, her aunt brought her forward to introduce her to the disinherited nephew. Patsy's hand went to her mouth, "Oh, mither o' mine, it's that scalawag!"

"Why, do you know Terry Nolan?" questioned Aunt Anne.

"Oh, I made the delightful acquaintance of Miss Shannon on board ship when she was coming over here," answered Terry.

"Sure an' how could I help but remember such an unmannerly young man?"

All throughout dinner very little conversation was carried on, mainly because of the friction between Patsy and Terry. A casual reference to the color of Patsy's hair started the argument all over again. When Terry spoke of her hair as fiery red, Patsy protested so emphatically that Terry called it pink.

During the two weeks left of his leave, Terry constantly visited the Kearney mansion and the quarrels went on and on.

After one of Terry's afternoon visits, Aunt Annie was discussing him with Patsy.

"I suppose he thinks that just because he comes here so often he's going to get my money. Hm! The good-for-nothing, self-centered young know it all," said her aunt.

"Why, he is not! He is the nicest, finest person I have ever seen. He's no molly-coddle that is always kissin' a body's hand like Count Falloverhimself," shouted Patsy.

"To think that I should live to see the day that you admit my good qualities," cried Terry, who, with an exultant grin on his face, was crossing the room from the doorway in long strides. Patsy started denials, but Terry stopped them in the good old-fashioned way.

"Hm. I always hoped those two would get together," chuckled Aunt Anne, as she softly closed the door.

## THE SANTA CLAUSE

By Richard S. Burdick

IT happens the day before Xmas. It concerns Herman Pumpernickle, who is known to the intimates of Gas House Row as "Educated Hoimie" on account of he once attends night school for six weeks, but is kicked out because of his snoring, and while the teacher, who is of the more tolerant and understanding class of womanhood, does not mind Herman's snoring—which sounds like the bass horn section of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra—she does mind having her neatly-piled papers blown about the room in an artificial snowstorm by the blast of wind that accompanies each piccoloish exhale. But Herman is not exactly overcome with grief at his enforced exit, because Herman knows he is not born to be a scholar, but is cut out for bigger things, and that he is as out of place in night school as a gold-framed portrait of Hitler in a Jewish synagogue.

But when Herman says as how he is cut out for bigger things, he does not know just how true that is; however, he is not long in finding out, for one day, about two weeks before Xmas, as he is picking his way along between the vegetable carts, hurdy-gurdies, rubbish, urchins, garbage, marble shooters, crap shooters and just plain shooters over on the East Side, and wondering how he is going to lay his hands on some loose U. S. currency which he can pay to his landlady, Mrs. Poppledorf, (and maybe just to show there's no hard feelings, make her a very choice Xmas gift of a new second-hand cook book), his tired gaze comes to rest on a sign on the street side of a department store window, and the sign reads as follows:

### WANTED!

Man to act as Santa Claus during holidays. Must be at least twenty-one and must be reliable. Suitable Salary.

—Apply Inside

Here, says Herman Pumpernickle to himself, is a job which fits you like a new silk sheet on Mahatma Gandhi. Do not pass up this swell opportunity, Herman Pumpernickle says (still talking to himself), but go and tell them that you will make an A No. 1 Santy Claus, inasmuch as up to this year you are working as the original Santy Claus's right hand man, but are forced to give up the job because Santy is getting old and feeble and is retiring so that he may spend his declining years as foreman on an ERA Project at the North Pole.

So, rubbing the Good Luck ring on the index finger of his right hand, a ring given to him by his great-aunt Jabrinka the day before she disgraces the Family Honor by running away with the mail-order false tooth specialist from Chicago, (it being an unwritten law in the Code of the Pumpernickle's that a Pumpernickle shall valiantly stand ground until the last molar leaves its cavity, before considering refills—and so far every Pumpernickle, with the exception of Great-Aunt Jabrinka, chooses the prospect of a toothless existence rather than sacrifice the family name), and Herman considers the ring lucky because it is right after she gives it to him that Great-Aunt Jabrinka loses her *sales de resistance*; so rubbing the ring again, he takes the sign from its place on the window and carrying it into the store, gives it to the manager, Maurice Goldenheim, saying:

"Here I am, Mr. Goldenheim, and here is your sign. Give me the whiskers, the red suit, and the little brass bell, and I will have all the kiddies writing so many letters telling me that which they want for Xmas, that Uncle Sam will have to call out all his resolute thoid-string postmen."

Mr. Goldenheim starts to accept his sign, but as he is doing so, Herman rips it into four isoceles triangles and drops them into Mr.



Goldenheim's shiny wire wastepaper basket, (the kind that is sold in the Bargain Basement for "\$1.98, marked down from \$2.00—very cheap!"). Mr. Goldenheim quickly withdraws his hand, and looking up eight inches into Herman Pumpernickle's face, he says like this:

"What's dis, eh?" says Maurice Goldenheim. "Vhy for you are breaging into mine store dis vay? Are you notz? Und what mages you dink I vould hire you, eh? Und, bezides, are you over twenty-vun, und are you reliable, eh?"

"Mr. Goldenheim," says Herman, "three weeks ago yesterday, I celebrate my thoity-thoid boithday. And," says Herman, "I am a very honorable sort of guy. In fact I am so honorable that one year when I do not pay my Poll Tax, I am so overcome with shame that when the sheriff appears at my door I break down and have a good cry on his shoulder, and though my tears rust the shiny badge on his coat lapel, the kind sheriff forgives me and says as how he will pay my tax out of his own pocket, and because I am so kind hearted, I let him pay it, rather than disappoint the poor sheriff. So youse see," says Herman, "I am a very reliable sort of guy."

"My," says Maurice Goldenheim, "you speag lige you know vhat you speag aboutd. Your story of da sheriff, she iss almost breag mine heardt. I dink I dry you. Da job iss yourz!"

"Thank youse, Mr. Goldenheim, youse are a very wise man," says Herman. Then opening a box on Mr. Goldenheim's desk and helping himself to a very choice cigar—the kind that Mr. Goldenheim saves especially for the rabbi—Herman speaks as follows:

"I will report the foist thing in the morning Mr. Goldenheim, though if I am a little late I hope youse will not get sore, on account of I belong to the Breakfast Hour Exercise Class, and I do not like to miss the Breakfast Hour Class, because it keeps me in condition for

digesting my landlady's cold beef stew, which is the worst beef stew you ever eat."

"O-gay," says Mr. Goldenheim, "but remember—da early bird gatches da vorm."

"Yeah, but who likes to eat woims?" replies Herman. Then he pockets another cigar and closes the door behind him.

The next morning when Herman Pumpernickle reports at the Goldenheim Department Store, Mr. Goldenheim is not there, so going over to the floorwalker, who is taking a snooze on one of the \$24.95 beds in the Furniture Dept., he tweeks him by the ear and says this way:

"Hey, youse—wake up and hear the boidies choiping!"

The floorwalker, a cute little fellow by the name of Ancil Q. Pangborne, II, who uses axle-grease and a curling iron on his hair and wears a pansy in his buttonhole, quickly rises to his full height of 5 feet 2 inches and speaks like this:

"Oh!" exclaims Ancil Q. Pangborne, II. "Oh, you must be Mr. Herman Pumpernickle. Mr. Goldenheim says I'm to take care of you."

"Never mind about taking care of me, buttercup," replies Herman, "just rustle up the Santy Claus suit and the icicles, and I'll start me job!"

"Yes, yes—in fact, of course," sputters Ancil Q. hurriedly; "immediately, sir, if not sooner. But first there is a little matter of you signing your name to this writ of employment, a minor procedure that Mr. Goldenheim requires all his employees to obey. It merely states your intention of rendering good service to the company, and a number of other slight details."

"Coitanly, buttercup. Only I won't bother to read it, on account of I'm not edjicated in how to read all those fancy phrases, which are about as useless to me as a razor in Haile Selassie's duffle-bag." So Herman scrawls his name on the bottom of the paper, and goes with Ancil while he gets him a

### LAST TRIBUTE TO A SONGSTER

*Little fluffball lying there—  
So silent now, so fixed thy stare,  
Thy joyous song forever stilled;  
Thy slender being, often thrilled  
In glorious message to the land,  
Is stretched so stiffly in my hand.*

*Has sweeter creature ever found  
The heart of man with sweeter sound?  
What sin for which thou must atone?  
Thy lot was Life, and Life alone,  
And death to thee is but a jest—  
My little friend, thou art at rest.*

Santa Claus suit and whiskers, then Ancil leads him to the rear of the first floor, and there, built against the back wall, is a Santa Claus castle trimmed with artificial snow and paper icicles.

"Gee," says Herman, "that is what I call a very swell layout. What is it supposed to be?"

"That," says Ancil Q. Pangborne, II, "is where you will stay each day and give presents to the children who come to see you, and tell them to tell their parents to be sure and have Santa Claus bring all their presents from Goldenheim's Department Store."

"It is plain to see," Herman says, "that I am at last in the class where I belong. I finally find a job which is woithy of my attention!"

Well, everything runs smoothly until the day before Xmas. It seems that on the twenty-fourth of December, Herman, finding a couple spare moments to himself, decides to smoke one of the cigars which he takes from Mr. Goldenheim's box two weeks ago and which he forgets about; however, as he is puffing away contentedly, who should walk into the little castle, but Mr. Maurice Goldenheim himself, who immediately speaks like this:

"I'm zorry, Mister Pumpernickle, but you

are nod zuppozed to zmoge vwhile on duty, zo you vill be zo gindly as to throw away your—my zigar."

"Maybe I am foggy in the upper story, Mr. Goldenheim," says Herman, "but what is the big idea?"

Mr. Maurice Goldenheim then explains how in the writ of employment that Herman signs when he first comes to work, there is a clause which forbids him to smoke while on duty, because the fake whiskers he wears are of inflammable material, therefore, on account of this Santa clause, he wishes Herman to toss away the stogie, which Herman, being a reliable soul, does as soon as Mr. Goldenheim goes out. Then, because it is closing time and he is very tired and hot from having to stand on his feet all day and play Santa Claus, he goes into a dressing room to change into his street clothes, and while he is doing so, the door opens and in comes Mr. Ancil Q. Pangborne, II, who speaks as follows:

"Ah, Mr. Pumpernickle—here you are," says Ancil Q. Pangborne, II, "I bring your pay envelope, Mr. Pumpernickle, which I now offer to you with wishes for a merry Yultetide."

Herman accepts the pay envelope and handles it fondly. "Mr. Pangborne," says Herman, "youse are not such a bad egg as I think at foist, come home with me to supper and I will have my landlady dish out an extra bowl of beef stew."

"I am sorry, Mr. Pumpernickle, but I have to stay in the store late tonight, counting and arranging the money we take in during the holidays. Goodnight, Mr. Pumpernickle."

"Goodnight, Mr. Pangborne," replies Herman, and turns to finish changing his clothes. After he does so, and starts walking through the store on his way home, he comes upon the Furniture Dept., and his attention is arrested by one of the beds therein, which presents a most inviting aspect. So feeling quite tired, he lies down on one of them and is soon asleep.



But it seems like only three and one-half seconds later when he is awakened by a subconscious smell of smoke. He jumps from the bed and sees to his horror that the Santa Claus castle is a mass of flame!

"The cigar!" yells Herman, and grabbing a pile of blankets, he runs over to the fire. But the blankets are useless, so he pulls the boxes of toys from the fire and throws them out of danger; after which he picks up a nearby table and with it begins pounding the fire. Then one of the blows accidentally hits the back wall and some of it falls away, so he hits it again, and the more he hits it the more it falls away, so he gives it a tremendous wallop which makes a large hole in the wall, and Herman looks into the opposite empty office, where he stares right into the cherubic countenance of Ancil Q. Pangborne, II! Around Mr. Pangborne is gathered a group of tough looking thugs; and one of the thugs raises a gun and points it at Herman, and it looks like this story is ended; but just then the store lights go on and the room is filled with policemen, firemen, and Mr. Goldenheim. Then Herman Pumpernickle shows he is a real human sort of guy after all, and drops to the floor in a faint.

When he comes to, Herman finds himself back on the bed in the Furniture Dept., and sitting on the bed beside him, is Mr. Maurice Goldenheim.

"What is happening, Goldie ol' boy?" asks Herman.

Mr. Goldenheim then tells him how, because he breaks the clause in the contract, and throws away the lighted cigar, he uncovers a stupendous scheme, to wit: Ancil Q. Pangborne, II, who is not the meek little guy he seems, and a gang, are drilling for weeks from an empty office opposite the rear store wall. They plan to break through tonight and cop the packages of banknotes which Pangborne substitutes for the packages of toys; but the fire puts a kink in their plans, and the policemen now have them

### THIS MONTH'S AUTHORS

Since we have had so many compliments on our poetry, we are printing a word or two about our poets in this column this month.

The poetry editor of THE PEN is Betty Mitchell, a Sophomore A. Her poems have been in every issue of the magazine this fall. One of her best, *A Christmas Gift*, is on the opposite page.

Isabelle Sayles, who wrote *Will-O-The-Wisp*, is only a Sophomore B, but her poems have also been in every PEN this season. Another of these Sophomore B poets is Dorothy Shelton, a newcomer to our pages, whose Christmas poem is printed on a previous page.

gnawing on steel bars at the County Jail. The money, too, because Herman is thoughtful enough to pull it from the fire, is all safe and sound. And though there is some damage to the store from the fire, the fireman are able to check it before too much damage is done.

"Zo, Hermie, mine pal," says Maurice Goldenheim as he sits on the edge of the bed, with his arm around Herman Pumpernickle, "name vhat you vant und it vill be yourz."

"Well," says Herman, thoughtfully lifting a cigar from Goldie's pocket, "some day I am marrying a cute little skoit what lives in the apartment house next to mine, so if you don't mind, Maurice, I would consider a permanent job in your store, on account of they are a nice thing to have when a guy is married. And also," Herman adds, "if you could give me that contract that causes all this trouble, I will get a great kick out of sitting before the fireplace on the night before Christmas, and being able to point to that framed contract hanging over the mantle, and tell my kids the story of the Santa clause."

### A Christmas Gift

By Betty Mitchell

I saw a picture of our Christ  
Clasped in His mother's arms;  
Great kings, wise men, and shepherds, too  
With incense, gold, and charms  
To offer at their Savior's feet.

Today Emanuel still lives—  
Above, around, within.  
Should we not try to bring our gifts  
And so again begin  
An offering at our Savior's feet?

But no material tributes yield  
Contentment to a soul;  
So what could we bestow on Him  
That would achieve our goal—  
This offering at the Savior's feet?

Since God sent Him to teach us love  
For enemy and friend  
And "Peace on earth, good will" for all  
Was what God tried to send  
As offering at His children's feet,

The choicest gift that we can bring  
Is that each one should try  
As best he may to work for peace.  
Then he will not pass by  
The offering at his Savior's feet.

For if each individual  
Would love his neighbor more,  
We'd have a gift that He would like—  
An earth that's free from war—  
To offer at the Savior's feet.



## SINGING RADIATORS

By Elinor Moynihan

And this was, as the bokes me remembre,  
The colde frosty seson of Decembre . . .  
Janus sit by the fyr . . . .

—Chaucer

JUST as the last of the autumn-tinged leaves have fluttered down on the dull, somber earth, the unwilling furnace tender descends with muttering reluctance into the musty depths of his cellar. Through mechanical movement—mechanical because of repeating through innumerable seasons the same unstimulating motions—he starts an encouraging fire in the gluttonous fuel contraption so that the chill-pierced spines of the complaining family may be thawed out and congealing constitutions may lose their frigidity—specially, at least!

One of the familiar ramifications of these yearly rites to the rapacious god of combustion is the variant sound accompaniments “above stairs” in the several media of heat diffusion known as coils. What an ensnaringly proper term for the tonal effects caught therein at the touch of Lucifer! When old Jack Frost—he must be old after these many years of arranging window pane displays—dips his brush in the icing and with exquisite delicacy paints the glass in designs enchanting, it is time for the radiators to burst forth in rhapsodic rhythms.

The brazen bass crooner in the hall, *rez-de-chausee*, insists upon striking up the neighboring performers and almost instantly the other musicians tune their instruments to pipe Radiator Overture in B Minor. The harmonious alto with tones mellow and lucid persists in a delightful solo as an interlude before another musical contestant shall seek an audition. The dazzling, sizzling soprano in her latest metallic gown, not to be outdone by a colleague of lower rank, whistles a melody as shrill and piercing as the blasts of the north wind that blow down the flue. (Webster defines flue as a conveyor of hot air!)

## CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Mary O'Boyle, long our star poet, has left her P. G. course to work. We reprint from the December, 1933 PEN one of her best poems.

*Dear Lord, let no soul be weary,  
Nor any heart miss Christmas cheer;  
Let not any child be hungry  
At this joyous time of year.*

*Oh, let every burden lighten,  
Every heart be young and free,  
Every home be reunited  
Underneath a Christmas tree.*

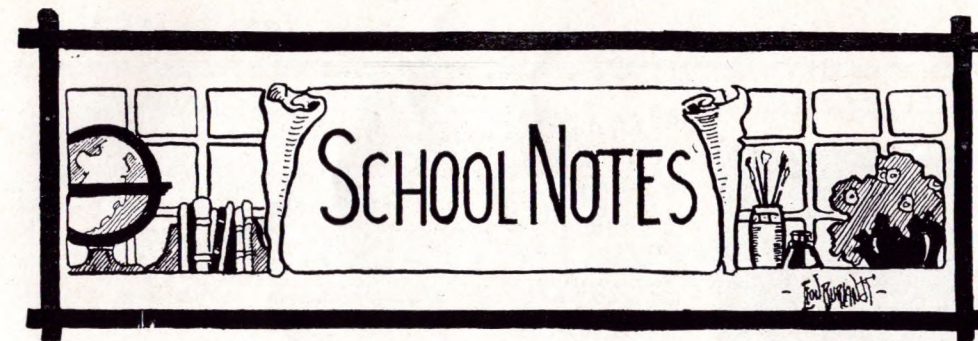
*Lord, let all the bells be sounding  
Tides of gladness as they ring—  
Songs of never-ending glory,  
Peace on earth for men to bring.*

*God, may every cheek be brightened  
With the holy light of love,  
As the psalms of praise ascending  
Reach Thee on Thy throne above.*

Amen.

Oh! but this is not all. Our three vocalists now join forces and hiss ensemble their sibilant defiance to the instigator of this concert, challenging him to dare take a nap in such a tumult. The pipes begin to quake in rage, and a martial spirit possesses these bellicose, symphonic exhibitors. With here a thump and there a thump, and a rat-a-tat-tat, and bristling sabers clinking against steely armor, the advancing battalion of concatenation moves on toward the valves in resounding crescendo.

It is at this number that the orchestration becomes subdued, the musical movement taking on a liquid, dulcet progression that softens to a soothing diminuendo until all is concluded. The singing is over for the day, leaving not even an echo for memory.



ROBERT JACOB, Editor

John Cooney, Silvia Feinstock, Elliot Weisgarber

## RAMMING

At the supper meeting of the Rams Club December 12, it was announced that at a future meeting Miss Helene Millet of the high school faculty would address the club on the subject: *Some Aspects of Education*.

Frank Goodrich, chairman of the social committee, reported that progress was being made on the co-ed social which has been planned for some time before January 1.

All thirty-five of the club's members were present.

committee are writing day-by-day notes for the last year. Sports reviews are being written by Harry O'Gara, assisted by Marion Keegan for the girls' sports. Esther Lipschitz is covering non-athletic activities. Elizabeth Howe, working with Chris Brushkevich, Business Manager of the PEN, is in charge of advertising.

The yearbook will be distributed at the class banquet on January 22, 1936.

## SENIORS GO TO PRESS

The yearbook to be published by the Senior A class is now being set up.

The book will contain about one hundred pages in stiff binding. In it will be found views and items about the School, pictures and short write-ups of all the graduates, the class papers—history, prophesy, will, song and the like—a review of the last year and articles on the sports and other activities of the past year.

Yearbooks will be sold at one dollar a copy. Anyone wishing to buy a copy should notify Charles Kline. All copies must be reserved in advance. Fifty cents will be required on reservation, and the remainder is to be paid when the books are received.

Betty Rue is chairman of the committee in charge of the class write-ups. Virginia Wade heads the history group; Joseph Failla, the will; Richard Burdick, the prophesy; and John Temple, the statistics. Robert Cook's

## IN REVIEW

The talk by Mr. Wallace Amsbury, the second in the present assembly series, was of an entirely different type from the preceding one of Mr. Morgan's. Mr. Amsbury spoke on the subject of "Watching The World Go By," and dealt principally with literature. The school as a whole did not get as much benefit out of this as it did from Mr. Morgan's address, although Mr. Amsbury was very clever in some of his characterizations and was at times very humorous. It was not, in every sense of the word, the lecture that the preceding one was. We did not leave the auditorium after the assembly with the feeling of "Well, we learned something that has uplifted our hearts to a better understanding of life." As a matter of fact, we do not go to a lecture to get a good time; we go to learn something. It is sincerely hoped by many of our student body that we will have, at our next lecture, an address that will give us this so-called satisfaction.



## TEACH 'EM CHARM



ISABEL JONES  
The Heroine

On January 3 *The Charm School* will be presented in the school auditorium by the Senior A Class. This play is a comedy in three acts written jointly by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. Miss Margaret Ward a veteran play

coach in Pittsfield High School, is coaching the sixteen students who make up the cast. The Williams High Dramatic Society of Stockbridge successfully presented this play a few weeks ago.

The plot of the play revolves about a young and inexperienced automobile salesman who inherits a girl's school and immediately supplants the present curriculum with one which develops charm. Many impossible and humorous situations ensue.

Robert Hopkins is the inexperienced automobile salesman with ideas which Robert Cook, a law student, considers impossible. Robert Vincent, an expert accountant, is willing to co-operate with Bob Hopkins, as are Nelson Hine and William Gross, brothers, who never work when they can borrow or sponge. Howard Wood is the guardian of Isabel Jones, the president of the senior class at the school, presided over by Virginia Wade. Betty Rue is her secretary. The senior class consists of Muriel Ruesch, who is Robert Vincent's sister, Theresa Testa, Dorothy Kornfeld, Helen Gay, Marie Reeves, Gladys Greiger, and Elsa Johnson.

## CHAIRMAN AND CHAIRMAN

Harry O'Gara has been elected chairman of the Senior A Cap and Gown Committee.

The class has also elected Joseph Dastoli chairman of the Banquet Committee. The banquet will be held January 22, 1936—the day after graduation—at the Hotel Wendell.



## SKI CLUB

For the benefit of the students at P. H. S. a ski club has been formed under the direction of Mr. Carmody. Dave Reed has been named chairman. There are a number of fairly good skiers in the club, and any one interested in learning to ski should join and get some free instruction.

Friday the thirteenth (and nobody got hurt) the club went on its first trip. The trip was to the Country Club where fairly good skiing was enjoyed.

At the first meeting a number of girls were present. A few days later they were informed they were not wanted. This hardly seemed fair. Mr. Strout has suggested that any girls interested should see either Miss Ward or Miss McLaughlin and form a club.



## HORACE SLIDED

In observance of the bi-millenary celebration of the "most intimately loved" of all Latin poets, Horace, Pittsfield High School showed to the Latin students slides illustrating the life and works of the poet. Each slide was explained by Mr. William D. Goodwin. This collection was brought to our school through the efforts of Miss Nagle.

Credit goes to the girls of the sewing department who, under the direction of Miss Riley, are dressing forty dolls for the Santa Claus Workshop. That's the spirit, girls!

## MEN OF LETTERS

Mr. Smith has announced the names of the members of the band and orchestra who are to receive letters this semester. They receive these on the condition that they have been a member of one of the organizations for a term.

The members of the orchestra are: Kempton Wing, Daniel Secunda, Ernest St. John, Ralph Levine, Joseph Torchio, Paul Pagery, Robert Jacob, Charles Craven, Ashton White, Edward Gebauer, John Langdon, Marguerite Brielman, Grace Rossi, Seymour Kolman, Caroline Sacco, Helen Bonjini, Betty Condron, Donald Sullivan, Richard Scharmann, Karl Keisler, Clementine Stefenuck, Frank Hines, Jennie Barbo, Sophia Pomerantz, John Reeve, Violinde Montero, William Walters, and Richard Burdick.

The members of the band are: John Cooney, Ernest St. John, Robert Jacob, Charles Craven, Ralph Levine, John Langdon, Betty Condron, Charle Kline, William Walters, John Reeve, Robert Hill, Irving Keene, Alan Grieve, Nils Guttorsen, Paul Pagery, and Richard Burdick.

The date of the presentation of these letters is not definitely known.



## COMMITTEES

William Kidney, chairman of the Senior Play Ticket Committee, is being assisted by Edward Koenig, Carl Glander, George Demos, William Harper, Howard Goodrich, Mildred Kay, Rosemary McNaughton, Roma Levy, Mary Mosca, Marion Keegan, Ann Suhinski, and Esther Lipschitz. During the Christmas vacation tickets may be obtained from anyone on the committee.

The stage manager for the play is Theodore Musgrove. His assistants are: Lewis Mellen, George Tompkins, Robert Trauschke, Ann

Hughes, and Janet Gallup. . . . If the curtain drops in the wrong place or any extra sound effects occur, you'll know whom to blame.

Aileen Van Wyck and Ann Schreck will see to it that the programs are distributed, and Loydann Perry will make sure you have proper seats.



## RALLY ROUND

A few days before the Thanksgiving day football game a rally was held in the auditorium. The speakers were Mr. Carmody, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Strout. The rally was principally to boost the sale of tickets, which up to then had been very poor. Mr. Carmody gave a very inspiring talk, as did Mr. Ford. Mr. Strout made one request of the students: that they refrain from tearing down the goal posts after the game. At the time the pupils did not respond in a very whole-hearted fashion, but the end of the game found the posts still standing.



## JUST TALK

Friday the thirteenth wasn't an unlucky day for the Debating Club. Carl F. Johnson a Senior A, led a discussion group on Socialism. The meeting was very interesting but produced few converts. A few weeks before Miss Kaliher led a similar meeting on the League of Nations.

New Lebanon, N. Y., High School has challenged the local club to a debate. This challenge has been accepted. Pittsfield is recommending that the debate be held in late January or in February on the subject of socialized medicine.

The annual debate of the county league will be held in early April.



## ---And A Happy New Year

By Elizabeth Purdy and Isabelle Knollmeyer

The King of Light, father of aged Time,  
Hath brought about that day which is the prime,  
To the slow-gliding months, when every eye  
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity.

AS New Year's Day, the first of January bears a prominent place in the holiday calendar. It has always been a custom among northern nations to see the old year out and the new one in with a great display of gaiety and conviviality.

The merrymakings of New Year's Eve and Day are of a very ancient date. In England it was the custom for the head of the house to assemble his family around the traditional bowl of spiced ale, comically called "lamb's wool". As soon as the master had drunk their healths, the bowl was then passed around the circle. The ancient Saxon phrase, *Was hal*—that is, *To your health*—was spoken by each member who drank the toast. Thus it came to be acknowledged as the Wassail Bowl. Members of the poorer class went from house to house singing the Wassail songs, as a reward for which coins were tossed to their ribbon-decked bowls. With these coins they bought wine so that they too, as well as the rich, might enjoy the good fellowship of this festivity. Even the secluded monks participated in the celebration of New Year's Day by partaking of the Wassail Bowl or the Poculum Caritatis as they phrased it. At the present time there is still some trace of this custom at New Year's feasts in London.

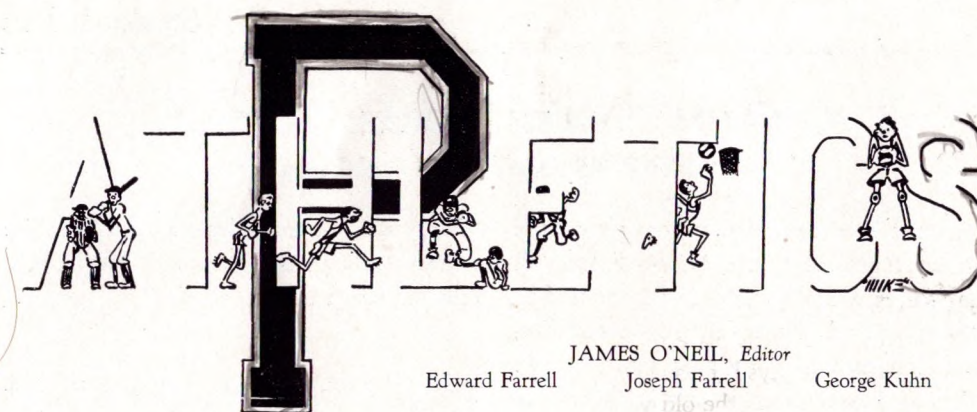
Until recently Wassail drinking was in extensive practice in Scotland. At midnight everyone drank "a good health and many of them" to all the rest. This was followed by a general hand-shaking and perhaps a dance around the table accompanied by singing. Then the elders hastened out to visit and exchange greetings with their neighbors. They always brought with them a hot kettle and an abundant supply of buns and short

bread or bread and cheese. If they met an other group with similar intentions, they would partake of each other's kettles. When they reached their friend's house, boisterous greetings were interchanged and the kettles were sent a-circulating. If this family were the first to arrive since midnight, they were deemed "first-foot". This signified prosperity for the coming year, since they had begun the year in sharing what they had. This custom prevailed to such an extent that the streets were more thronged between twelve and one on New Year's morning than at midday.

The practice of giving presents was instituted at the time of the Romans. This habit has been sustained, as is seen in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*, in which he introduces a character labeled "New Year's Gift in a blue coat, serving-manlike, with an orange and a sprig of rosemary in his head, his hat full of branches, with a collar of gingerbread, his torch-bearer carrying a marchpane, with a bottle of wine on either arm". An orange stuck with cloves was a common present since on account of its presence the flavor of wine is improved and the wine is preserved from moldiness.

On New Year's Day in Paris carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of bonbons and souvenirs for the children. Often pastry cooks are to be met carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches and playhouses made of flour and sugar. For several days preceding the first of January the Rue des Lombards is completely blocked up with carts and wagons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. It

(Continued on page 34)



### BASKETBALL CANDIDATES CALLED

Over 70 aspiring basketeers answered the first call for candidates, and it is expected that about 40 more will answer the second summons. Unfortunately, only one veteran remained for this season, that being Captain Bob Cusson. John Foley, who was kept from the squad last year because of an operation, is expected to return this year. Bud Evans, a substitute last year, will be back again occupying a varsity post. Along with Evans will be Al Polidora from last year's Jayvee squad. Several prospective Sophomores and Jayvees should bolster the squad considerably.

The first game will be with Adams on the 20th of December.

### HOCKEY NOTES

At a recent meeting of the lettermen of the hockey squad Alan Greive was unanimously chosen to lead the team for the coming season. It is the hope of the boys to have a hockey rink in the rear of the high school on which they may practice and play their home games.

Mr. Charles Knight has accepted the invitation to coach the team this year. He was at one time coach of major sports here at Pittsfield High and is now principal at Crane Junior High School. He will be assisted by Mr. Lawrence Jacobs, a science teacher at the same school. Both have had considerable experience in hockey, Coach Knight having

### THE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

1935-1936

Dec.	20	Adams at Adams
Jan.	3	Dalton at Dalton
Jan.	10	Bennington at Pittsfield
Jan.	15	St. Joseph (N. A.) at North Adams
Jan.	17	Williamstown at Pittsfield
Jan.	21	St. Joseph (P.) at Pittsfield
Jan.	24	Drury at Pittsfield
Jan.	31	St. Joseph (N. A.) at Pittsfield
Feb.	7	Williamstown at Williamstown
Feb.	14	Drury at Drury
Feb.	21	Adams at Pittsfield
Feb.	28	Dalton at Pittsfield
Mar.	6	Bennington at Bennington
Mar.	13	St. Joseph (P.) at St. Joseph

played at Holy Cross and Mr. Jacobs on local semi-professional teams.

The schedule has not yet been announced. A game with Technical High, Springfield, city champions last year, will probably be one of our best games.

### INTRAMURAL SPORTS FLASHES

Coach Carmody's gymnasium class, which captured third place in the State meet at Lynn last year, is now in full swing. A

(Continued on page 39)



## GIRLS' SPORTS

By Mary Atkinson and Mary McMahon

ARCHERY ENTHUSIASTS have completed the archery tournament, and, of course, from all the seniors who competed in it, one had to take first place. Roma Levy came out first, while Florence Murphy took second place. Too bad that turkeys are rare in the woods around here because if there were some, no doubt some of these skilled archers would be bringing home their Christmas turkey.

FLASH! It has been announced that the annual exhibition given by the girls of Pittsfield High will give way to a pageant. Different classes have been practising new and unusual feats for the affair. This novel idea should provide an especially good entertainment for proud parents and friends.

COACH CARMODY recently spoke of the forming of a Ski Club for the boys. Everyone thinks the idea is an excellent one and hopes it will have a successful season. As far as the girls are concerned, however, there might just as well not be one—for they are excluded. But we know of no ruling that says that girls cannot form a club of their own, so all you girls who have been complaining about this matter, get together and talk it over with the physical directors. Let's show people that the belief that girls can't take it is unfounded.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT, which was expected to be played off before now, was put off until later because of the unfavorable weather. This will undoubtedly turn out to be a great disappointment to tennis fans.

Well, you never could depend upon Berkshire weather anyway, so I guess we'll just have to grin and bear it.

THE GIRLS' SQUAD Leaders' Class did its bit to entertain the sophomores' parents who visited the school during Educational Week. The girls showed their ability in jumping the buck, horse, and parallel bars, while a special group showed their powers of balance by forming pyramids.

CAREFUL SELECTIONS from the numerous applicants for the P. H. S. swimming team have been made, and from all appearances we have an excellent team.

Loydann Perry was elected captain; and her diving ability, plus Erica Palme's, should be a great asset to the team. Helen Roark, Georgette Stone, and Frances Beitzel will specialize in the crawl. Eleanor Wade and Muriel Bailey will do the breast stroke and back crawl respectively. Bernice Eagan will alternate back and crawl breast strokes. Lorraine Dowd will specialize in the breast stroke, while Isabel Sayles will take care of the reputation of P. H. S. with the back crawl. Eleanor Russell will alternate with the crawl. Avery Holmes, another mermaid of P. H. S., is a welcome addition to the team.

With a swimming team composed of girls who can swim as these girls can, there's no reason why we can't make an excellent showing in all meets. A meet will be held Friday, December 20. Come on, girls, bring glory to Pittsfield High with a smashing victory!

## P. H. S. Christmas Presents

By Helen Gay, Dorothy Sharley, and Virginia Wade

Upperclassmen will remember an article in last year's PEN on what people wanted for Christmas; this year we tell you what they ought to get.

Miss Nagle	100 lines of Horace to be prepared every night for a month and to be recited to Mr. Goodwin.
Miss Musgrove	An ideal Girl Scout troop that pays its dues, attends meetings, and does what it should, when it should and how it should.
Mr. Herrick	All the cooperation, respect, and gratitude that is owed to him by the Senior A class.
Mr. W. D. Goodwin	Many more happy years which shall be as fruitful as those passed over.
Mr. Strout	100% school spirit.
Mr. Carmody	\$1,000,000 to carry on athletics in P. H. S.
Carl Johnson	A convert to Socialism.
Miss Kaliher	Carl Johnson's acknowledgment that she is right.
Miss Millet	An oil heater to be installed in Room 142 for her benefit.
Bob Hopkins and Isabel Jones	Good luck and no trepidations.
Bob Cusson	A championship basketball team.
Alan Grieve	A P. H. S. diploma, some day. (Hurry up, Polly.)
Miss Parker	Defrosted front steps.
Mr. Joyce	Tahiti.
Margaret Hennelly	New worlds to conquer.
Steve Trepacz and Pete Kellar	An orchid.
Boy Athletes	New pens with which to sign those pestering females' books.
Junior A's	A barrelful of brilliant ideas for the Prom.
Mr. Meehan	A new diner.
Mr. Smith	A few people on whom to build an orchestra.
Mr. McMahon	A happy trip on the marital seas.
Miss Morris	A year's subscription to the magazine section of the <i>New York Times</i> .
Sibyl Dalrymple	A bottle of chloroform.
Miss Enright and Miss Riley	Girls who will rush in and out of the lockers at their bidding.
Mr. Geary	One of the many excellent Senior A's to give a demonstration of reliability to his Sophomore B classes.
Mr. Ford	Some student who will go promptly to classes.
Miss Casey	A leave of absence to visit the Wrigley Chewing Gum factory.
Mr. Sheridan	Some beefsteak.
Mr. Reid	A megaphone so he can shout from one end of the hall to the other at those who leave the building late.
To everyone	A happy Christmas.





We'd like to present Miss McCormick with an honest whistler, one different from the rest of the herd.

sssss

Stebbins (as Miss Kaliher reenters noisy classroom): "shh!"

Miss Kaliher: "Huh! Do you think I'm deaf?"

sssss

According to Mr. Herberg, about the best way to deal with a troublesom situation is to make sundry clacking noises with your tongue.

sssss

Speaking of detectives, Robert Nelson certainly makes a first-class snoop. Thanks, Professor.

sssss

What did H. F. do to make him head the list of Grace Morse's enemies? The list has one person on it!

sssss

Our faculty actress, Miss Millet, recently in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" should start calling her third period French pupils "shiftless creatures."

sssss

We hear that Miss Morris, inspecting the desks in her home room recently, was rather shocked when she pulled out an empty Union Leader tobacco can.

Since the PEN season opened ant kitty and Uncle Len have received so many fan letters asking nose questions that they have decided to set up a detective agency. If either of our readers can answer the questions below, Uncle Len will give them a penny on sight.

#### QUESTIONS:

What happened to John Neissel in New York?

Whose feet did Earl Kanter fall over in "Solid" the other day?

Does any one know who are the two telephone twins who have been annoying several girls of late?

From locker to lockup—or who's the violent young senior B whom Miss Kaliher has to conduct to her fifth period class every day?

Who stole Carl Johnson's milk in cafeteria the other day?

Quoting Stan Scott in English class: "Well, all my friends can't be rowdies." The question was this: "Do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

sssss

In looking this over, we would say, as Mr. Lynch did recently in class: "I don't admire myself for doing this."

(Continued on page 35)

December, 1935

33

SAVE MONEY---Buy  
your Shoes and Rubbers  
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Upstairs Over Capitol Theatre



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All the latest models of  
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**\$1** DOWN and as little  
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Delicious Chocolate Fudge

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**Wendell..**  
**Barber Shop**  
W. A. Pomeroy

Say it with a box of candy from our fine  
selection of Schrafft's and  
Apollo chocolates

Merry Christmas  
**EDDIE'S**  
**ICE CREAM BAR**

(Next to Kameo)  
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Open Evenings Until 11 o'clock

## ---AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

(Continued from page 28)

would not perhaps be an exaggeration to say that the amount expended for presents in Paris for sweetmeats alone on this holiday exceeds \$100,000.

In Paris, however, New Year's Day is celebrated to a greater extent than New Year's Eve. The day commences at an early hour with the Parisians exchanging visits and bonbons. In these visits and in chatting at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New Year's Day is passed. A dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes with a song.

And so today, in the United States, many traces of the customs of our ancestors across the water may still be found. The calling and drinking and eating are still the big feature of New Year's in New York State, and in New England the New Year's Eve parties are reminiscent of the ways of the old world.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN

(Continued from page 32)

Joe Torchio has been yelling mutiny in Miss Kaliher's first period history class. Joe claims that all great men have been laughed at. (He must be a very great man in the making.) The class gives him its heartfelt thanks for his nice, clean entertainment. How about a soap box?

ssss

Miss Doris Carmel just loves "Hello, Teacher."

ssss

Acorns don't grow on elm trees, Mr. Geary.

ssss

Mr. Maloney's philosophy is: "Do others before they do you."

ssss

The other day Helen Gay was caught reading a book on the "Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage." Miss Millet wanted to know when she was going to take the fatal step.

ssss

Jane Grey is knitting masculine sweaters!

ssss

This certainly is a thankless job. Because of the dirt in this column people are calling us vacuum cleaners.

ssss

Bud Evans is quite an expert at flipping pennies.

ssss

"Is your faith unblemished?"

"Yeth, I uthe cold cream."

ssss

Note: The "s's" between the flashes stand for: Shame on Students who Sop up Scandal!

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Son { *I'll Say So!*  
Daughter }

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December, 1935

## BOOKS ON PARADE

(Continued from page 19)

chapters on yacht design and the Coast Guard Service.

Though *Seven League Boots* happens to be last, I can assure you that it is by no means the least. Of course you know who its writer is—the world's most romantic adventurer, Richard Halliburton. He was guest of Haile Selassie, rode a three-ton elephant over the Alps, had an audience with the King of Arabia, and while in Siberia heard the confession of the murderer of Czar Nicholas II and his family.

We wish to extend thanks to the Open Book Shop for the valuable assistance they have given in furnishing books for the preparation of this column.

## AND FOR EVERY MOOD

(Continued from page 24)

time on those lurid dime-a-dozen thrillers which all read alike.

There await, then, at your pleasure untold things to do. It may be an arm-chair cruise around the world, the companionship of great people, or a climb through the misty heights of the Land of Perhaps. You may loll at ease while the world's best story tellers spin you their yarns or, if you choose, go off in search of pirate gold. You can know the thrill of hair on end while partaking of some gripping narrative or, if in the mood, laugh with the best of funsters. In good literature no stories are ever the same. All are new, different; and if given an honest trial, they will satisfy as no cheap imitation ever can. The superiority of language, description, and thought is too outstanding. These are the treasures that literature offers, and the library is one treasure house whose doors are always open that you may take for yourself whatever priceless gem your fancy desires.

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## ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 29)

wealth of good material from the Sophomore B class shows promise of filling the shoes of departed stalwarts.

The ski club has already opened its season. Recently David Reed was elected president. Here's hoping Pittsfield has snow a plenty in order that the 1935-36 P. H. S. ski club may enjoy a most successful season.

Boxing and wrestling, two new sports on the winter program, and which have been in popular demand for some time, will get off the mark in the near future. Many of the boys show promise of being potential champions.

Coach Carmody hopes to get the intramural basketball league in motion soon. He will have three leagues, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, with play-offs to decide the championship of the school. A better show of interest than in previous years is hoped for.

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